

“Verses Upon the Burning of Our House”

**By Anne Bradstreet
Puritan Poet**

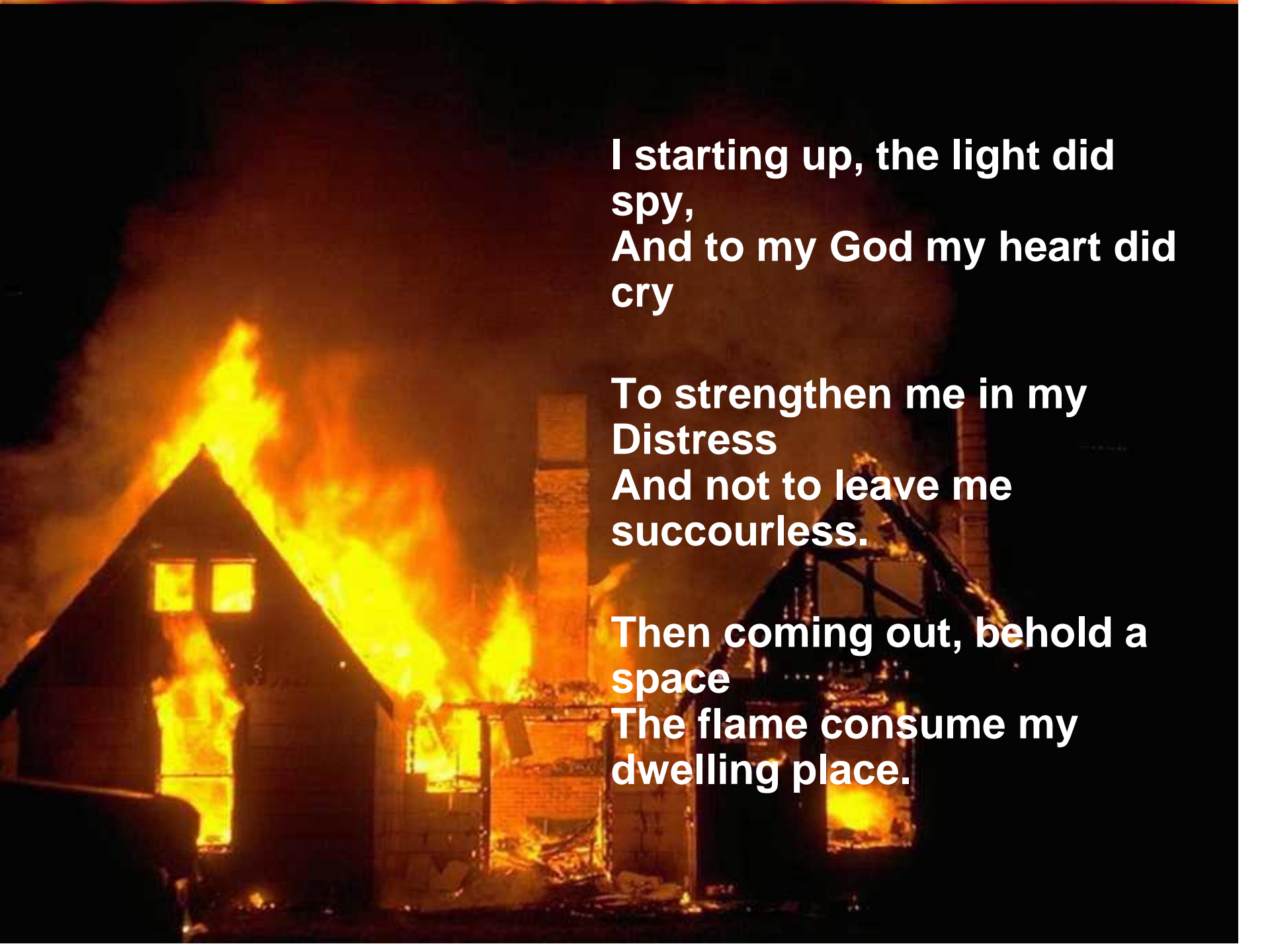


**“In silent night when rest I took,
For sorrow near I did not look,**

**I waken'd was with thund'ring
noise
And piteous shrieks of dreadful
voice.**

**That fearful sound of "fire" and
"fire,"
Let no man know is my Desire.**



A photograph of a house engulfed in flames at night. The fire is intense, with bright orange and yellow flames rising from the roof and windows. The house is dark, and the fire is the primary light source. The background is black, suggesting a dark night sky.

**I starting up, the light did
spy,
And to my God my heart did
cry**

**To strengthen me in my
Distress
And not to leave me
succourless.**

**Then coming out, behold a
space
The flame consume my
dwelling place.**

**And when I could no longer look,
I blest His grace that gave and took,
That laid my goods now in the dust.
Yea, so it was, and so 'twas just.**



THE
TENTH MUSE

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OR

Severall Poems, compiled
with great variety of VVit
and Learning, full of delight.

Wherein especially is contained a com-
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By a Gentlewoman in those parts.

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Bible in Popes Head-Alley. 1650.

It was His own; it
was not mine.
Far be it that I
should repine,

He might of all
justly bereft
But yet sufficient
for us left.

**When by the Ruins oft I past
My sorrowing eyes aside did
cast**

**And here and there the
places spy
Where oft I sat and long did
lie.**

**Here stood that Trunk, and
there that chest,
There lay that store I
counted best,**



**My pleasant things in
ashes lie
And them behold no more
shall I.**

**Under the roof no guest
shall sit,
Nor at thy Table eat a bit.**

**No pleasant talk shall 'ere
be told
Nor things recounted done
of old.**



Property of Groovystuff

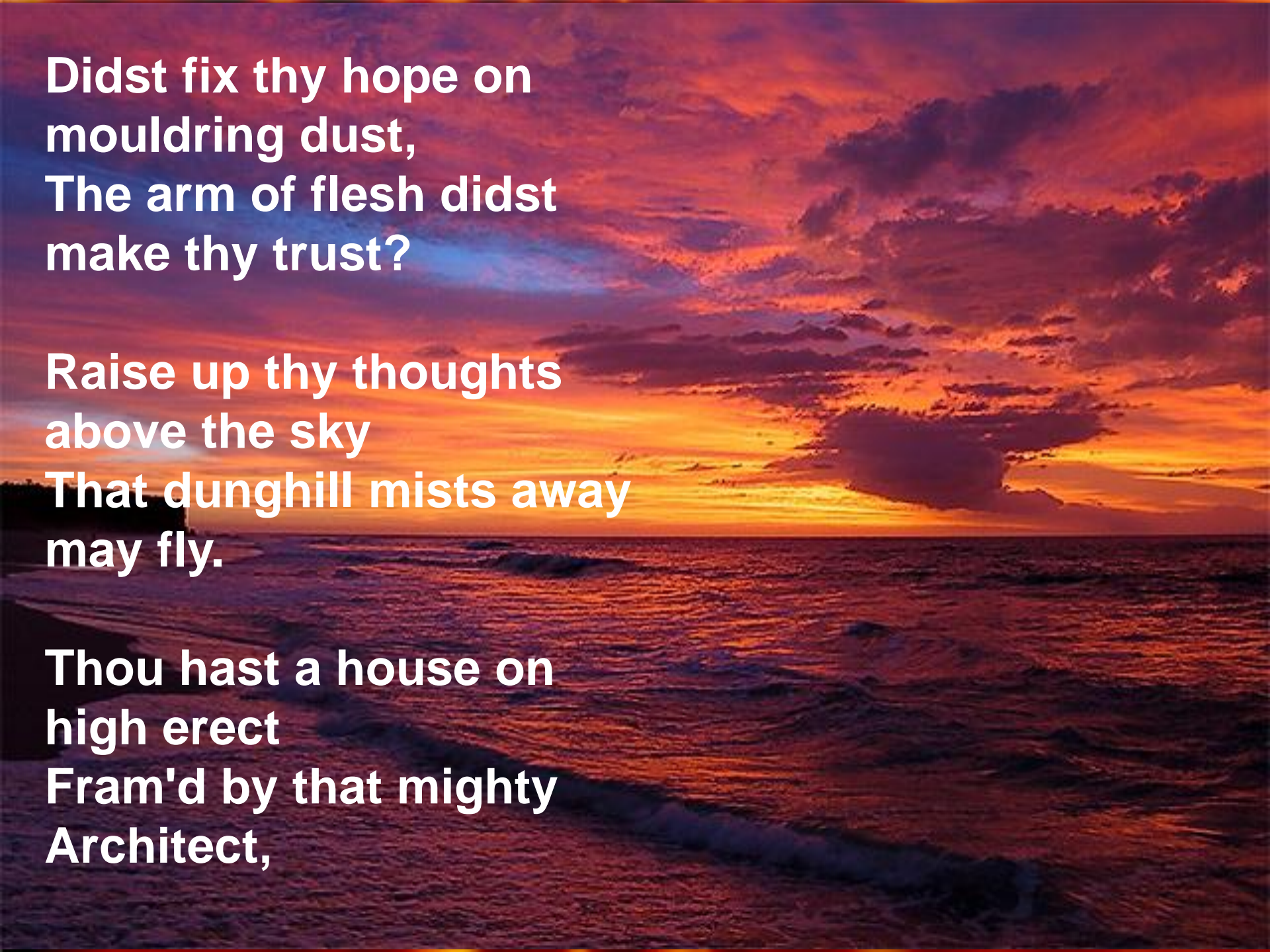
**No Candle 'ere shall shine
in Thee,
Nor bridegroom's voice ere
heard shall be.**

**In silence ever shalt thou
lie.**

Adieu, Adieu, All's Vanity.

**Then straight I 'gin my heart
to chide:
And did thy wealth on earth
abide,**





Didst fix thy hope on
mouldring dust,
The arm of flesh didst
make thy trust?

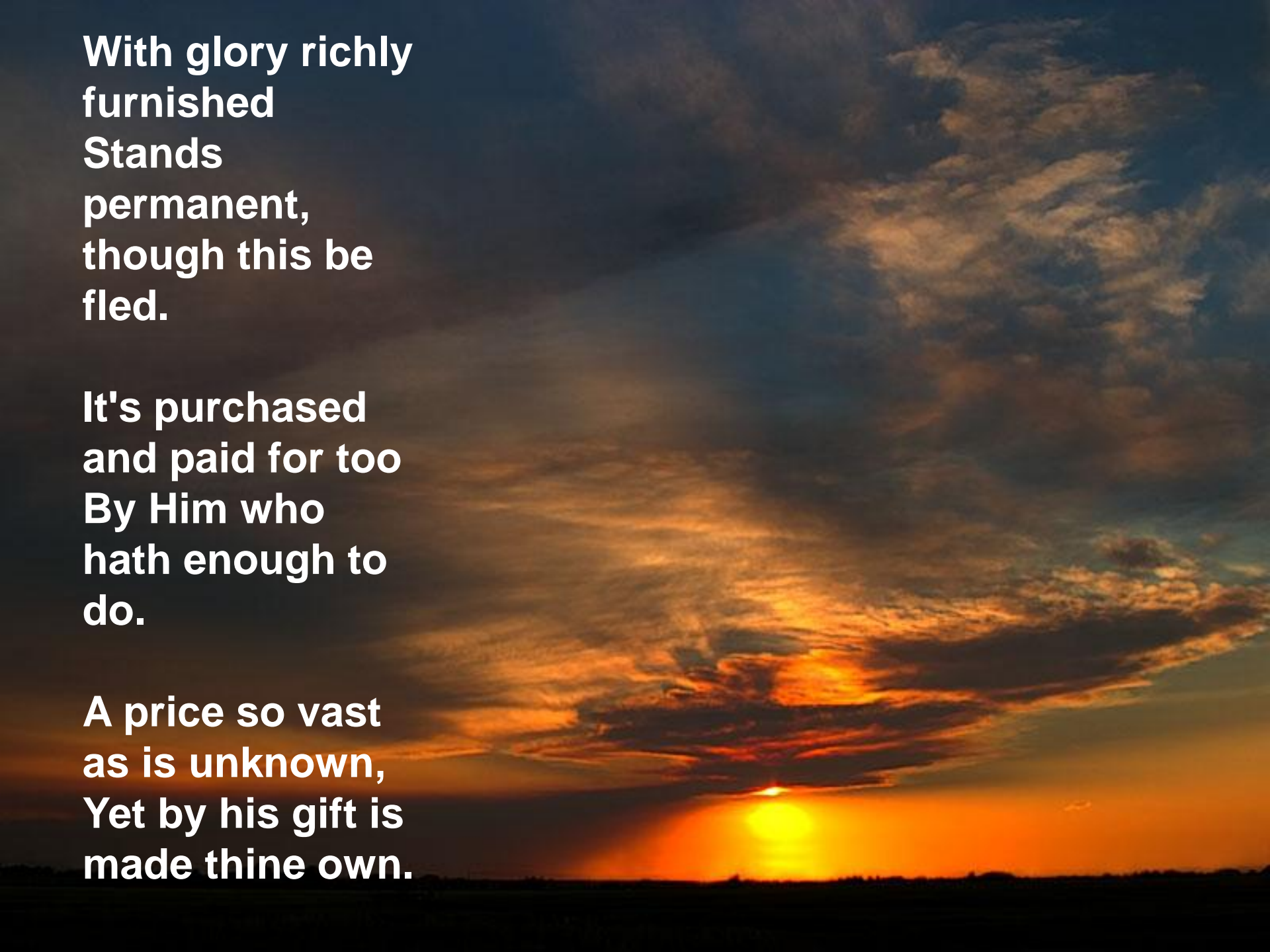
Raise up thy thoughts
above the sky
That dunghill mists away
may fly.

Thou hast a house on
high erect
Fram'd by that mighty
Architect,

**With glory richly
furnished
Stands
permanent,
though this be
fled.**

**It's purchased
and paid for too
By Him who
hath enough to
do.**

**A price so vast
as is unknown,
Yet by his gift is
made thine own.**



**There's wealth
enough; I need no
more.**

**Farewell, my pelf;
farewell, my store.**

**The world no
longer let me love;
My hope and
Treasure lies
above.**



